
P O E M S.



R. Harris

P O E M S,

BY

DR. GOLDSMITH.



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THE
TRAVELLER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.



TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH:

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and

the labourers are but few ; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinements of the times, from the diversity of judgments, produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle.

POETRY makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. And as they offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her ; they engross all favour to themselves, and tho' but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests,

anapests and iambics, illiterative care and happy negligence ! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say ; for error is ever talkative.

BUT there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. A mind capable of relishing general beauty, when once infected with this disease, can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet ; his lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire,

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I much solicitous to know.

know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in other states, though differently governed from our own; that each state has a particular principle of happiness; and that this principle in each state, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



THE
TRAVELLER:
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

ETERNAL blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest

Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

BUT me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care!
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.
 Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And, plac'd on high, above the storm's career;
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

WHEN thus creation's charms around com-
 bine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say should the philosophic mind disdain,
 That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;

And



And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor
crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man sup-
plies :

Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

Yet, where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease ;
The naked savage, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave,
Nor less the patriots boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

AND yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share ;
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As diff'rent goods, by Art or Nature given
To diff'rent nations, make their blessings even.

NATURE, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her blifs at Labour's earnest call :
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side :
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

FROM Art more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, splendor, honour, liberty, content :
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

BUT let us view these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :

Here

Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the sleep, and sighs at every blast.

FAR to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Her uplands sloping deck the mountains side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

COULD Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil :
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

BUT small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Men seem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults thro' all their manners reign,
Tho' poor, luxurious ; tho' submissive, vain ;
Tho'
B 2

Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
 And even in penance planning sins a-new.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date,
 When Commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state;
 At her command the palace learnt to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
 The canvass glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
 But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her sail;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.

YET still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seems to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child;
 At sports like these, while foreign arms advance,
 In passive ease they leave the world to chance.

WHEN noble aims have suffer'd long controul,
 They sink at last, or feebly man the soul;

While

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And wond'ring, man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them ; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions
tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword,
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly soothes the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shade the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.

Chearful

14 THE TRAVELLER.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from soft repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trouls the finny deep,
Or drives his ven'trous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

THUS every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

THESE are the charms to barren states assign'd,
Their wants are few, their wishes all confin'd,
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;

Since

Since every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure, when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy,
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong
 desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
'Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

BUT not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, their manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart :
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest,
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
 our way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manner reign,
We turn ; and France displays her bright domain,
Gay

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days,
Have led their children through the mirthful
maze,

And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bright a life these thoughtless realms
display ;

Thus idly busy rolls their world away :

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,

Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :

From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,

And all are taught an avarice of praise ;

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
'Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But

BUT while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought :
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns, where shifting fashion
draws,
Nor minds the solid Worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies ;
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride,
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to go ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
While the pent Ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,

The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

THUS, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ill's superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth
imparts,

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here,
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm,

HEAVENS ! how unlike their Belgic fires of
of old ;
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

FIR'D at the sound, my genius spreads her
wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western
spring ;

Where

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspiis
glide.

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand ;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

THINE, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
here,

Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy
But foster'd ev'n by Freedom, ills annoy :
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All kindred claims that soften life unknown :
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,

Whilst over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

NOR this the worst. As social bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown ;
Till time may come, when stript of all her
 charms,

That land of scholars, and that nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot claim,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

YET think not, thus when freedom's Ills
I state,

I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire !
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's fostering sun.
Still may thy bloom the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells in every foil,
That those who think must govern those that
 toil ;

And

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each ;
 Much on the low, the rest, as rank supplies,
 Should in columnar diminution rise :
 While, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.
 O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms ;
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home,
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
 'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power :
 And thus polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste.
 Like flaming tapers bright'ning as they waste ;

Seen

Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
 And, over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall;
 Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main?
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundring sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim
 strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
 ways;
 Where beasts with men divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a fond look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

VAIN, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind:
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good which government bestows?

How

In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure,
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find ;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith and conscience, all our own.

Is every power within, though strong and right,
 That's a great power, or a great power, or a great power,
 How long, or how long, or how long, or how long,
 That part which is the part of the human heart,
 Still to the heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,
 Or to the heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,
 With the heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,
 Which is the heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,
 The heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,
 Take's the heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,
 To the heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,
 To the heart, or to the heart, or to the heart,

THE TRAVELLER

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

T O

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt,

D 2

I don't

I don't pretend to enquire ; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written ; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country-excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating or not : the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

IN regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries ; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages ; and
all

all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

the right.



THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, lov'liest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring
 swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when every spot could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cote, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring
 hill.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And

And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd ;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And flights of art and feats of strength went
 round ;

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance, that would those looks re-
 prove.

These were thy charms, sweet village ; sports
 like these,

With sweet succession taught ev'n toil to please ;
 These round thy bow'rs their chearful influence
 shed,

These were thy charms—But all these charms
 are fled.

SWEET smiling village, lov'liest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
 drawn,

Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green ;
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain :

No

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

ILL fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A TIME there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

BUT times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unweildy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to luxury ally'd,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.

These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
 scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These far departing seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

SWEET AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, and hawthorn
 grew,

Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
 Trace every scene, and wonder at the change,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'ring round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
 My anxious day to husband near the close,
 And keep life's flame from wasting by repose ;
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw :

And,

And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O BLEST retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care that never must be mine.
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way,
 And all his prospects bright'ning at the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past !

SWEET was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's
 close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school :

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
 wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all in soft confusion sought the shade;
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all their bloomy flush of life is fled;
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden
 smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows
 wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his
 place,
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

For

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their
 pain :

The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
 allow'd ;

The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields
 were won.

Pleas'd with his guests the good man learnt to
 glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The

The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares
distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n :
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :

A man

A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace,
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too :
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around :
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on
 high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil re-
 tir'd,

Where

40 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round

Imagination fondly swoops to trace

The parlour splendors of that festive place :

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;

The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,

With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay ;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,

Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

VAIN transitory splendors ! Could not all

Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;

Thither no more the peasant shall repair

To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his pond'rous strength, and learn to hear ;

The host himself no longer shall be found

Careful to see the mantling blifs go round ;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,

Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and own their first born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd :
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy ?

YE friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
 Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a
 name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd :
 Space for his lake, his parks extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :
But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless
In all the glaring impotence of dress ;
'Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling
land,

The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And, while he sinks without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

WHERE then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?

If

If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

IF to the city sped—what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
 display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The doom where pleasure holds her midnight
 reign,
 Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare ;
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine
 eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies ;
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;

44 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

AH ! no. To distant climes, a dreadly scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes be-
tween,

To torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore :

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;

Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;

Where

Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than
they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy-covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heav'n ! what orrows gloom'd that
parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bow'rs, and fondly look'd
their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd, in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, who first prepar'd to go,
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds, beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose ;

And

And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a
 tear
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 While her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the decent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! Thou curst by heaven's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for
 thee !

How do thy potions with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they
 grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unweildy woe ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part un-
 found,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

EVEN now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land :
 Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand,
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness, are there ;
 And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

AND

AND thou, Sweet Poetry, thou lovel'est maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart. or strike for honest fame ?
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my blifs, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and kept me so !
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well :
Farewel, and Oh ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
Or Torno's cliff, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow ;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
And slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him that States, of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trades proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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ASTEN LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1009 5th Ave. New York, N.Y.

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EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way,
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow;
“ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
“ Seem lengthening as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dang’rous gloom;
“ For yonder phantom only flies,
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want,
“ My door is open still:
“ And though my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good-will.

G

Then

" Then turn to-night, and freely share,
 " Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 " My rusby couch, and frugal fare,
 " My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
 " To slaughter I condemn ;
 " Taught by that power that pities me,
 " I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountains grassy side,
 " A guiltless feast I bring ;
 " A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
 " And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 " For earth-born cares are wrong ;
 " Man wants but little here below,
 " Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The grateful stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure,
 The modest mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The door just op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when worldly crowds retire,
 To revel or to rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his penfive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly, prest and smil'd ;
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow :

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With ans'ring care oppress'd :
 " And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 " The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
 " Reluctant dost thou rove,
 " Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 " Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
 " Are trifling and decay :
 " And those who prize the paltry things,
 " More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
 " A charm that lulls to sleep :
 " A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 " But leaves the wretch to weep !

" And love is still an emptier sound,
 " The haughty fair one's jest :
 " On earth unseen, or only found,
 " To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 " And spurn the sex," he said :
 But while he spoke a rising blush
 The bashful guest betray'd.

He sees unnumber'd beauties rise.
 Expanded to the view ;
 Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

Her

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
 Alternate spread alarms :
 The lovely stranger stands confest,
 A maid in all her charms.

And, " Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 " A wretch, forlorn," she cry'd :
 " Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 " Where heav'n and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
 " Whom love has taught to stray :
 " Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 " Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 " A wealthy lord was he ;
 " And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
 " He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
 " Unnumber'd suitors came ;
 " Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 " And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each morn the gay fantastic crowd,
 " With richest proffers strove :
 " Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 " But never talk'd of love.

" In

54 EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
 “ No wealth nor power had he ;
 “ A constant heart was all he had,
 “ But that was all to me.

“ The blossom op’ning to the day.
 “ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
 “ Could nought of purity display,
 “ To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 “ With charms inconstant shine ;
 “ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 “ Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I try’d each fickle art,
 “ Importunate and vain ;
 “ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
 “ I triumph’d in his pain.

“ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 “ He left me to my pride ;
 “ And sought a solitude forlorn,
 “ In secret, where he dy’d.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 “ And well my life shall pay ;
 “ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
 “ And stretch me where he lay.

“ And

" And, there forlorn-despairing hid,

" I'll lay me down and die :

" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,

" And so for him will I.

" Thou shalt not thus," the hermit cry'd,

And clasp'd her to his breast :

The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide ;

'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,

" My charmer, turn to see,

" Thy own thy long lost Edwin here,

" Restor'd to love and thee !

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

" And ev'ry care resign ;

" And shall we never, never part ?

" O thou——my all that's mine."

" No, never, from this hour to part,

" We'll live and love so true ;

" The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

"And, there, I am dead,"
 "I have seen you and die."
 DOUBTLESS THE REFORMATION
 "And is it all over?"

"Then that is the end," the woman cry'd,
 And clasp'd him to her breast.

The wedding ring was found in the
 "I was Edwin, this morning,"
 "I was Edwin, this morning,"

And now again he says,
 "I was Edwin, this morning,"

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 "I was Edwin, this morning,"

T H E
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION:
A T A L E.

SECCLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm liv'd a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And Freshmen wonder'd as he spoke;
Without politeness aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.

SUCH pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace,

H

O U R

OUR alter'd Parson now began
 To be a perfect ladies man ;
 Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermons o'er,
 And told the tales he told before,
 Of bailiffs pump'd and proctors bit.
 At college how he shew'd his wit ;
 And, as the fair one still approv'd,
 He fell in love—or thought he lov'd.
 So with decorum all things carry'd ;
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—marry'd.

NEED we expose to vulgar sight
 The raptures of the bridal night ?
 Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
 Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?
 Let it suffice, that each had charms ;
 He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;
 And tho' she felt his visage rough,
 Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

THE honey moon like light'ning flew,
 The second brought its transports too,
 A third, a fourth was not amiss,
 The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
 But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
 Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
 Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
 Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
 But still the worst remain'd behind,
 That very face had robb'd her mind.

SKILL'D in no other art was she,
 But dressing, patching, repartee;
 And, just as humour rose or fell,
 By turns a flattern or a belle:
 'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
 Half naked at a ball or race;
 But when at home, at board or bed,
 Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
 Could so much beauty condescend
 To be a dull domestic friend?
 Could any curtain lectures bring
 To decency so fine a thing?
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Now tawdry madam kept a bevy
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
 The 'squire and captain took their stations,
 And twenty other near relations;
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh in suffocated smoke;
 She, in her turn, became perplexing,
 And found substantial bliss in vexing,
 Thus ev'ry hour was pass'd between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.
 Each day, the more her faults were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown;
 He fancies every vice she shews
 Or thins her lips, or paints her nose:
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!

He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phyze;
 And, tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

THUS, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 While each a different way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife
 Promis'd to hold it on for life,
 That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r
 Withers the beauty's transient flow'r :
 Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare,
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair !
 And, rising ev'ry youthful grace,
 Left but the remnant of a face.

THE glass, grown hateful to her sight,
 Reflected now a perfect fright ;
 Each former art she vainly tries
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.
 In vain she tries her pastes and creams,
 To smoothe her skin, or hide its seams ;
 Her country beaux and city cousins,
 Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
 The squire himself was seen to yield,
 And ev'n the captain quit the field.

POOR Madam, now condemn'd to back
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,
 Perceiving others fairly flown,
 Attempted pleasing him alone.

Jack

Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks were dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway
She learns good nature every day,
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT;

I LONG had rack'd my brains to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind,
The modern scribbling kind, who who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite :
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon :
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair ;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to God Mercurius ;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth ;
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

IMPRIMIS, pray observe his hat ;
Wings upon either side——mark that
Well ! what is it from thence we gather ?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather, very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light ;
Such as to modern bards decreed ;
A just comparison——proceed.

IN

IN the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air ;
And here my simile unites,
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

LASTLY, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand ;
By classic authors term'd caduce's,
And highly fam'd for several uses,
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
No poppy-water half so good ;
For let folks only get a touch,
It's soporific virtue's such,
Tho' ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply begin we then ;
His wand's a modern author's pen ;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind ;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy flaver, venom'd bites ;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike they both conduce to sleep.

This

This diff'rence only, as the God,
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod ;
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others damns himself.

AND here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript :
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing :
Well ! what of that ? out with it—stealing ;
In which our scribbling bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he :
But ev'n his deity's existence,
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards ! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks ?

RETALIATION.

THE title and nature of this Poem, shews that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some poignant strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subjects; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even to finish it, in the manner which he intended.

Or old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united;

If our (a) landlord supplies us with beef, and
with fish,

Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish,

Our (b) Dean shall be ven'son, just fresh from
the plains:

Our (c) Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish
of brains;

I

Our

(a) The master of the St. James's coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he hath characterized in this Poem, held an occasional club.

(b) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(c) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

Our (*d*) Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent
favour,

And (*e*) Dick with his pepper, shall heighten
their flavour :

Our (*f*) Cumberland's sweet bread its place
shall obtain,

And (*g*) Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain:

Our (*b*) Garrick's a sallad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

That (*i*) Ridge is anchovy, (*k*) and Reynolds
is lamb ;

That

(*d*) Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General
Conway, and member for Bodwin.

(*e*) Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada, no
less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than
his Brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in
all the branches of useful and polite literature.

(*f*) Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lo-
ver, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

(*g*) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an inge-
nious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguish-
ed himself as a Citizen of the World, than a sound
Critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or ra-
ther forgeries of his countrymen ; particularly Lau-
der on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

(*h*) David Garrick, Esq; joint Patentee and acting
Manager of the Theatre-Royal Drury-Lane.

(*i*) Counsellor John Ridge a gentleman belonging
to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and
pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaint-
ance, to be very properly compared to the above
saUCE.

(*k*) Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal
Academy.

That (1) Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool :
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last :
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm
 able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

HERE lies the good Dean, re united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom
 with mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius
 was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up, what was meant for man-
 kind,
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his
 throat,
 To persuade (m) Tommy Townsend to lend him
 a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
 fining,

I 2

And

(1) An eminent Attorney.

(m) Mr. T. Townsend, member for Whitechurch.

And thought of convincing, while they thought
 of dining ;
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient,
 And too fond of the *right*, to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

HERE lies honest William, whose heart was a
 mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
 was in't :
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits, alas ! he had none,
 What was good was spontan'ous, his faults were
 his own.

HERE lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
 sigh at,
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
 (n) Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a
 limb ;

Now

(n) Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having
 slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at differ-
 ent times, the doctor had rallied him on those acci-
 dents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking
 his jests upon other people.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all ?
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
 Nick :
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

HERE Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are ;
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine :
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say where has our poet this malady caught ?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say was it that vainly directing his view,
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last and drew from himself ?

HERE Douglas retires from toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come all ye quack hards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
 reclines.

When

When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own.
 But now he is gone, and we want a director,
 Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall
 lecture ;
 Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style ;
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
 pile ;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
 over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in
 the dark.

HERE lies David Garrick, describe him who
 can,
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confess without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent
 heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art ;
 Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge, his own natural
 red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting :
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he vary'd full ten times a day ;
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick ;
He

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what
came,

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till the relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd,

While he was be-roscius'd and you were be-
prais'd.

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :

Those poets who ow'd their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be all flatterers, go where he will.

Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and
with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

HERE Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good nature :
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper,
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thum-
per :

Perhaps

Perhaps you will ask if the man was a miser !
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser ;
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ;
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ; ah no !
 Then what was his failing ? come tell it and
 burn ye,
 He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

 HERE Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my
 mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind :
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart ;
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard
 of hearing :
 While they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios ;
 and stuff,
 He shifted his (o) trumpet, and only took snuff.

(o) Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as
 to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in
 company.

T H E E N D.

